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PSALM 55, PARTLY MODERNIZED,

FOR A DEFEATED CHICAGO MERCHANT.

By REV. ALLAN HOBEN, PH.D.,
Waupun, Wis.

O GOD, hear me, for my faith in man is broken. The unfairness and the cruelty of trade are too much for me. My soul is stained with it, my protest is raised in vain, my nerves are shattered, and I am filled with fear (vss. 1-5). Let me away from it all—away from the strife and greed to some lone nook in the strong and kindly hills beside the still sympathetic waters (vss. 6-8).

Wipe out these liars of the city (vs. 9)—this restless cesspool of sin, breeding only the soul-parching fever of gain (vs. 10). There is no honor on the board of trade, none (vs. 11*b*). Had an enemy sold me out and exulted, I could have borne it and asked no pity; but that my best friend, he to whom I uncovered my heart, a “brother” in the church—that *he* should betray me (vss. 12-14)!

They are all alike. May death smite them, may the grave swallow them up, for they are only husks filled with evil (vs. 15).

Now have I nothing left but thee, O God; and unto thee do I turn for my only and continual joy (vss. 16, 17). The trust crushed me; but now that the merciless struggle is over thou givest blessed peace (vs. 18). As sure as thou art just, their day is coming (vs. 19). How long can a man stab his friend with impunity, break his word, and cover unsparing greed with oily speech (vss. 20, 21)? As for me, my lesson is learned. I will cast my burden on thee, O God; thou wilt sustain me (vs. 22), and in the end, I know, thou wilt establish the good and utterly overthrow the wicked. So out of the wreck of fortune I come to thee, my Lord and my God (vs. 23).